

LORD IVELY



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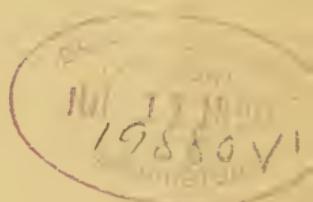
L O R D I V E L Y

AN EPIC POEM IN XIV BOOKS

✓ BY
JOHN HEDDAEUS
"

And all is well, though faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

—TENNYSON's "*In Memoriam.*"



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Copyright, 1890,
BY
JOHN HEDDAEUS.

To His Beloved Cousins,
CHRISTIAN and PAULINE HEDDAEUS,
this Poem is Dedicated, as a Feeble Mark of Affection and
Gratitude,
BY
THE AUTHOR,
SING SING, N. Y., June, 1890.

I V E L Y.

BOOK I.

CRUSADING valiant knights among
Who Richard Lion-Heart had joined,
And with him vowed, from Moslem hands
Once more to wrench the Holy Land,
Was one from Scotland's borders come,
Sir Ively, Lord of Ively Hall.
A loyal knight was he and true ;
His sword, renowned for gallant deeds,
To e'er so brave a foe was death,
And many a poor and wretched knight,
When sorely pressed by curvéd sword,
From graveless doom by him was saved.

One eventide, as was his wont,
The friendly camp behind him leaving,
In solitude to find repose,
He walked along the holy shore
Of Jordan's peaceful rolling waves.
With fragrance laden, sweetly fanned
The gentle airs his heated brow ;
They brought him greetings from beyond
The seas, and thoughts of wife and child.

‘Three lonesome years I’ve been from
home
And scarcely know, if still I may
Myself a husband call and father,
Nor know, if faintest hope there be
Of safe return to Albion’s shore.’
And looking round upon the scene
That breathed the calm of eventide,
‘O God, exceeding strange,’ he sighed,
‘Within a land of bloody strife,
This mocking nature, peace profound !
Can Love o’er yawning gulfs of faith

Not throw a bridge for hope of peace
To travel on? The cross is raised;
But what avails the symbol fair,
When vice its shade for shelter seeks?
Corruption walks the Christian camp
And ev'ry passion is let loose.
Ah, that a thing begun so fair
Should ever end so loathsome foul!
To free the Holy Land we came,
And made us slaves to blackest sin!
Far better had it been, indeed,
We'd stayed at home. A cry for help?
He stops. ‘Again? Whence may it
come?’
The words he did not understand,
But knew that anguish uttered them.
Distress has but one common tongue,
‘Tis understood the world around.
He understood it, listened, looked.
And there, beneath the clustering palms
Some Christian pikemen he espied,
In busy sport engaged, to bind

To mighty palm the thin, frail form
Of one who, both by garb and mien,
An aged hermit seemed to be.

‘Desist!’ the knight’s command was
heard ;
‘We came not here the old to slay,
Nor vengeance on the weak to take.
For it is written—know ye not?—
The aged thou shalt honor, and
The hoary head revere. Release
To me your prisoner. Obey !’
The pikemen yielded. They had found
The old man praying ’neath the palm
On bended knees, as in a trance ;
But thought it all a mockery,
And him a spy and infidel.
To questions as to how he came
To be so near the Christian camp,
He answered, broken though his speech,
In words that bore the stamp of truth,
That he had lived on yonder hill

A hermit's life for three-score years.
And then with thanks profuse, the wretch
Before his liberator bowed,
And showered blessings on the head
Of him whose coming saved his life.

While to the hermit words of cheer
Lord Ively kindly spoke, the men,
In search of better sport, had gone.
'My worthy father,' said the knight,
'Go, seek the shelter of thy cell
And make it—I advise thee well—
So long as noise of arms thou hear'st,
'Thy trusty stronghold and defence.'
Himself about to turn, he stopped,
For strange the sight that met his eyes !
His head thrown back, his arms on high,
A frenzied lustre in his eyes,
His stature tall as giant's height,
The hermit stood there motionless.

'Who art thou ?' cried the valiant
knight.

‘ Or messenger of God, or angel,
Oh, answer me the questionings
That faith now coaxingly invites,
Then bids me banish from my soul ?
As willow-branch is in the wind,
Thus am I swayed by faith or fear,
Nor know, if faith it is that bids
Me ask, or faith that bids me wait
For knowledge that would bring me
peace.’

But still the hermit, seeming one
Transfigured, all unheeding stood.

‘ Oh, speak ! ’ again the knight im-
plored.
‘ Who art thou ? Speak, I thee entreat.
Deny me not the light I seek ! ’

As from beneath a screening cloud
The radiant sun sends forth its rays,
And, chasing over hill and dale

The somber shades, sweeps them away,
The hermit's eyes to earth returning,
Their loving gaze on Ively bent,
And seemed to bring him from beyond
A message full of hope and cheer.
He paused, then said : ‘Come thou with
me.’

And up the hill, away from camp,
Both silent, side by side, they walked.
Through rocky wilds of desert land
The warrior followed, not afraid
His unknown mystic guide to trust.
In solitude, on rugged path,
Brightshone the moon from deepest skies
And spread o'er all the sheen of beauty.

‘ My Lord of Ively, welcome thou,’
The hermit in low tones began,
‘ This cave, my house, is all thine own,
Yea, all I have, at thy command.’

‘ My venerable father—’

Hermit.— Stay !
One Father is there over all,
Him we adore and only Him.
To Him alone thy reverence !
Thy questionings unanswered are,
So let them be and bide their time.'

*Ively.—‘ Whoe’er thou art, of earth or
heaven—*
Oh, I entreat thee,’ cried the knight,
‘ If so thou may’st and canst and wilt
The dark enigmas solve for me
That my perplexèd soul in vain,
Before I found thee, brooded over,—’

*Hermit.—‘ Till thy return thy house is
safe.*
But on returning home, my son,
Let not thy faithful heart be bent.
Think not thy home to see again
Before thy soul has found its peace
For such, I know, is heaven’s will.

Whatever scheme thy wit contrive
To flee this land and haste return,
Thy very purpose would defeat,
And traitor play upon thy wish :
The good ship's prow, to westward set,
Would, tossed on waves of stormy seas,
But carry space between thy hope
And thee. For thus, my son, it is
Ordained by Providence all-wise.'

This said, the mystic hermit ceased,
And sitting down on mossy rock,
He beckoned Ively to his side.

The warrior, under higher power,
Obeyed, as 'twere, his own desire.

A strange luxurious lassitude [used
Ran through his limbs. And he, long
To rule, now joyed to make his own
That higher will. And, sitting there,
They measured not the step of time,
For both of them were wrapped in
thought.

At last the knight began to speak :
‘ By all that is of Christ in me,
I know thou art a holy man.
I yield to the divine command ;
Say on thy say ! I will obey.’

From stony seat the hermit rose ;
With holy fire his eyes and face
Ablaze, he thus addressed the knight :
‘ Cast off the plumèd helmet’s weight ;
Thy armor change for lighter wear,
Thy bloodstained sword for peaceful
staff.
Do not rebel ! I know thy oath—
My son, Christ’s kingdom cometh not
By force of sword and worldly wars.
Leave, then, behind ambitious schemes
And bid farewell to clanging arms.
Resolve this hour, and keep thy vow,
To forthwith start on pilgrimage
With neither goal, nor Papal script,
But only this intent : All hate

To banish from thy heart for aye,
And share with ev'ry soul thou find'st
By doubt or fear or care oppressed
The burden of its anxious griefs ;
To give to all that struggling seek
The light of God thy earnest help ;
A brother be to them, a friend ;
And be thou known as such to all.
To none disclose thy new resolve,
Nor bid farewell to thy companions ;
But when prepared, ask thou the Lord
To help thee on thy pilgrimage.
To Eastern countries set thy face,
And God will bless thee to the last.
While thus thou journey'st, day by day,
Keep thou alive within thy breast
The wish to find on earth a heaven.
There is a land far up the East
Where mortals may commune with God.
This region seek ; but seek it not
Unguided, nor in wilful haste.
Across the ocean is thy call :

To tune thy soul, that joyfully
She lend her to the melody
Of God's unchanging spirit-spheres,
Against all doubt to fortify
Thy mortal soul, this symbol take,
This sign of prophecy receive.'

And, saying thus, he took a staff
From out a corner of his cave
And gave it to the wondering knight.

' This staff, a symbol, I thee lend,
Of grace divine supporting thee
By promise and by prophecy.'

Again the light flashed from his
eyes,
Again it beamed white from his face,
Again to giant height he rose,
As like an oak erect he stood,
Pronouncing low each weighty word :
' Be to thy promise only true,

No power above, no power below,
Thy hope and thee between can come.
Far brighter than thy sanguine hope,
The vision shines upon my sight
Of things prepared for thee, my son :
When all around thee war does rage,
When in the dust of memory
Proud monuments of hoary days,
And thrones, once strong as rocks, are
laid,
Nigh, then, thy life's sublimest hour,
The light of heaven will break on thee.
Surrounded by the wrecks of time,
Will out of death come life to thee,
Will open to thy blessed eyes
The pleasant path to yonder land
Where mortals may commune with God.'

‘Like promise of sweet Gospel truth,’
Lord Ively, rising, made reply,
‘To guide and cheer me on my way,
The words shall travel East with me.’

And, rising too, the hermit said,
As cordially he pressed his hand,
‘God bless thee ! Fare-thee-well ! Fare-
well !

When into time’s eternal sea
The circling year has swiftly flown,
Seek thou again my lowly cave,
To tell me that thy quest is found.’

BOOK II.

To camp returned, on sleepless couch
Lord Ively tossed his weary weight.
Conflicting thoughts arose in him
Of honor, home, and wife and child.
A thousand cherished fond desires
Invited him to stay in camp.
But ever stronger would a voice
Assert itself within his breast,
And of that voice the bidding was :
‘ Go forth ! Obey the hermit’s call ! ’
Then, silently he rose. The sword
His wife had girded round his loins,
He with a sigh laid down ; undid
The buckles of his warrior coat,
And lighter vestments now assumed,
A simple robe, that worn by men
Of peace, the Eastern devotees.

Some gold he took ; all else to Ralph,
His trusted servant's care he left.

'Mong sleeping men, like stealthy thief,
With careful feet he lightly stepped—
And found himself outside the lines.

Now lighter breathed he, as he sped
Along the holy river's bank :

' My choice is made. O God, I go,
Not knowing where, but only ask
Thy blessing on my lonely way.
Almighty Helper, grant me Thou
The sweet assurance of Thy grace."

Some hours he had pursued his course,
When brightening dawned the Eastern
sky ;

Oh, ecstasy of new-born morn !

Symbolic miracle of light,
Though oft-repeated, ever new !

With bird and beast, with hill and dale,
With river, flower, shrub and tree,
In breathless awe, the pilgrim hails

The coming of another day.
Till eventide he travels on,
Sees to his left the Moslem camp,
When suddenly his feet are stayed.
A distant clamor, frenzied shouts,
Arise tumultuous in the air.
The cry, ‘To arms ! the Franks !’ is heard.
With clattering noise the vale resounds,
And wildly rings the camp with arms.
As lightning flash, in midnight wrapped,
Illumines to the dazzled eye
A landscape wide in one short glance,
Thus rose in Ively’s startled mind
Each circumstance of his exploit :
That he was flying from the brunt
Of battle, leaving friends to fight
The cause to which his word was pledged ;
Remembrance of the promise made ;
His pilgrim-vow ; the hermit’s presence ;
A deep and overwhelming awe
Of higher things in dimness seen.
He must not stay ! The turmoil grows,

Is drawing near ; the furious shouts
Of hot contending foes he hears, —
He almost knows the voices heard, —
The ‘ Deus it vult,’ hears the Turk’s
‘ In God alone is power and strength ; ’
‘ Adjuva Deus ! ’ crieth back
The Christian host, and, ‘ God is great,’
The Moslem’s louder cry is heard.
‘ To God be praise,’ ‘ Is great, is great,’
In mingled echoes rises cry
On cry. His heart beats quick and fast.
The stream he fords, now gains the shore.
And fainter, fainter, as he sinks
Upon the bank, comes from afar
The tumult to his drooping sense.
It dies away, and all is hushed.
The light grows dim, it fails, is gone,
And night enshrouds his drowsy eyes.

The hosts of heaven over thee,
Sleep on, thou weary soul, sleep on !
Eternal melodies of song,—

The holy river's sacred tunes,—
Beguile to list'ning the still scene,
To hear the joyful word of God ;
' Peace be on earth, goodwill to men.'
May sleep new life in thee instil,
While sing to thee the holy waves,
And mighty rocks receive a tongue
To carry on the heavenly lay :
Eternal is from God, the Lord,
Our song of love, goodwill and peace.
Begun of old, when man began,
We give it to the sun and air.
Far to the worlds of unbound space
They bear it, on untiring wings.
To life once born in earthly form,
To new begotten life of aeons,
Their voice shall come and be received
By raptured ears of blissful souls.
To all the blessed voice must come,
By all will be received the lay,
A hymn of joy, the song of old,
The song the holy river sings,

And sun and air and rock repeat :
‘ As prize ye heaven, ye sons of God,
Let the eternal good prevail,
Let there be peace ! Let there be peace ! ’

BOOK III.

The bright'ning morn of coming day
Met Ively's gaze and cheered his heart,
As on the hill's steep side he reached
A far commanding eminence.
His sluggish feet, here must they rest,
To send before them, as their scout,
More swift than they, his raptured gaze.
Thou fair Damascus, city-queen !
O wonderful, enchanting sight !
Who can thy beauty see unmoved !
Low down the valley, out of mists,
Now fading fast before the sun,
Their gold regilt with brighter gold
Than art of man on them bestowed,
The heavenward-pointing, towering
heights
Of scattered minarets arise.

Above the crowns of verdant trees,
Begemmed with heaven's first light they
shine
Like stately masts on em'rald seas.
Ravines, and gently sloping hills,
And massy rocks of richest hues,
Enclose this earthly paradise.

O'ercome with glory never seen,
Not e'en when fairies weave and build
For weary sleepers wonderland,
For some short moments he forgot
The world and all its cares and woes,
And entered into God's own thought
Of beauty, harmony and love.

‘Ho ! stranger, ho ! Look well and long !
What seekest thou among the mists ?
The twiefs, I thought, were all at rest
This bright and glowing morning hour ;
But now, thy vagrant glance to read,
They're riding on the morning air.

The twiefs are thieves ! Take care !
Lest with thy wits they run away ! '

Quick turning round, the knight
beheld
A comely figure, richly clad ;
About his own, at decades three,
Not more, he guessed the stranger's age.
Deep set in nobly-modelled head,
Dark, speaking eyes were these
Whose gaze was resting on the knight.
And every feature, cut and shaped
In symmetry, betrayed descent
From ancient race and noble blood ;
Told of the battles they had fought,
Told of the victories obtained,
Both in the field and in the heart.
But Ively little thought of this.
As he looked on the stranger's eyes,
He only saw his jeering smiles,
But did not see the kindness
Behind a veil of shrewdness hid.

Ill took he, then, the stranger's sneers :
‘ Safe in my keeping are my wits.
The spirits fear the light of day,
Though darkness brings them not to me.
But if thou’lt tell me where to find
A hospitable inn or house,
Where love or money buy a meal,
Thou’lt guess and help my purpose on.’

Stranger.—‘ A pilgrim art and speakst
of money ?
Know’st not the custom of the land ?
Come, trust to me. True as I live,
I’ll give thee counsel ’bove all price.’

Ively—‘ The city smiles so fair on us,
Wilt thou not be my guide and guest ? ’

Stranger.—‘ The city is a dangerous
snare,
Beware of it. Or wouldst thou try
The virtue of its famous blades ? ’

The knight still doubted. Were it
wise
To such a crafty host to trust?
Impatient grown, in mocking tone,
'Go to, go to,' the stranger said.
'Tis ever so. The rattle sounds,
Hush, flies the bird straight in the net.
And then —his hands made sign so deft,
A fowler might have envied him.
'Go to, go to! my pretty bird !
Thou wilt repent of it too late.
Tell them, 'twas Gar that told thee so.'
His warning uttered, scornfully
He left the knight. Some minutes sped.
Irresolute what part to take,
The pilgrim's eyes still followed him.
Then by a sudden impulse seized,
Loud called he after his new friend,
And, having soon appeased his gall,
He climbed with him through bush and
brier
Up to a peak of neighb'ring height.

They sat them down on mossy bank ;
And, Ively's thought divining, Gar :
‘ There was report, not long ago,
That England's King had taken sail,
And peace was all but sealed ? ’

Ively.— ‘ Not yet
Has Richard left the camp ; but peace,
Both armies being tired of war,
Seems more than ever near at hand.

Discussing with him peace and war,
The knight found time to scrutinize
The features of his strange companion.
Though sadness there with shrewdness
paired,
It was a fair, an honest face—
He marvelled at his former dread.

‘ Forgive my curiosity,’
The noble Kurd addressed the knight,
‘ Dost know the dangers, thou, a Frank,

Must run in Moslem lands? Indeed,
Each step of thine is on the brink
Of hungry yawning deep abyss.'

Gar's candor touched the tender chords
Of Ively's heart. Without restraint
He made recital of his vow,
His pilgrimage, its purpose, end.
'Whate'er the risks and dangers be
Of which thou biddest me beware,
Of heavenly assistance sure
I fear them not. God is my shield.'

With here and there, a nod, a smile,
Intently listening to his tale,
Gar kept his eyes on Ively fixed,
And having his adventures told,
The pilgrim-knight leaned back like one
Who is expecting a response.
His host remaining silent still,
'Though death be round me,' Ively said,
'It cannot change my firm resolve;

And therefore—let me now depart ;
I have ere now the Moslem braved.'

Gar.—‘ Ah, go thou may’st where’er
thou wilt ;
But pray thee, go not thus from me.
That I have neither magnified
Nor multiplied thy dangers, this,
Ere many days has strutted East
Thy pilgrim staff, thou’lt surely find.
Despise thou not thy new made friend.
His only wish—believe his word—
Is but to give thee fair advice.
In creeds we differ. What of that ?
The peasant ask thou how to plough,
The painter how to use the brush,
The weaver teach thee run a loom,
But of Al Gar thou mayest learn
The manners of the Moslem land
And how to safely traverse it.’

Solicitude, unwonted, strange !
Lord Ively looked at him perplexed.

And sitting down again, he said :
‘ The wise to hear, becomes the wise.
What is it, thou wouldest have me do ? ’

Gar blushed and sighed : ‘ Call me not
wise,’
He said, ‘ for wise is he alone
Whose ev’ry word and deed accord
With heart and conscience. Not so
mine.

Here have I been these five long years,
My heart, as thine, longing for home ;
But not like thee, was I by vow
Or solemn obligation bound.
A mother’s aged days to cheer,
And mine with hers, I might have gone,
I should have gone. Yea, home re-
turned.

A father’s place I might have filled,
And o’er my sister’s tender youth
Have watched, a loving guardian.
Ah, the delight, I might have found

In such employ ! But, faster bound
Than is this rock to mother earth,
I could not tear myself away.
How oft soe'er I'd set my mind
And say : ‘Enough, I must return,’
Some influence more strong than I,
Would play with me, my will pervert,
And make me do what I would not.’

There was a pause ere Gar resumed :
‘ I may not yet disclose my ends,
As thou hast done to me—’

Ively.—

‘ No need—’

Gar.—‘ Perhaps, there’s not. Swift
time will tell:

The hour has come at last, when fate
From this inertness wakes me up,
Bids me undo the mystic knot
That fettered me. Fair Bagdad claims
My presence first.’

And musingly
He passed his hand across his brow,

Then, looking at his guest he asked :
‘ If thy intent I rightly learned,
Thy journey’s drift, no goal prescribed,
Is toward rising suns ? ’

Ively.— ‘ E’en so.
Beyond the Eastern Ocean lies
My pilgrimage and destined goal.’

The Kurd rose from his mossy seat:
‘ My company wilt thou accept ?
Then twofold luck of wedded lots
Join we in one adventure’s risks,
That, thus united, they be less.’

The friendly hand, held frankly out,
The pilgrim grasped with joy unfeigned
And ‘ Gladly I accept,’ he said.

Gar led the way. ‘ Neath fragrant
shrubs,
A rugged path the two pursued
To where the ridges lower sank
And melted gently in the plain.

BOOK IV.

The quiet night for journeying,
The busy day their time of rest,
Avoiding cities and man's face,
They traveled on. His gentle guide
No more distrusting, Ively left
To him the task to plan their route,
And followed him where'er he led.

At last they reached the arid plain
That parts the waters East and West,
And much were they rejoiced to meet,
About to start across the sea
Of sandy waves, a caravan,
That would for gain or piety,
In commerce or in pilgrimage,
The perils brave of scorching suns
Or pilfering Arabs. This they joined.

Their bargain struck and ratified,
They go on board their desert-ship,
The growling camel's rocking back.
In slender file, the path along,
Through sandy regions, dull and drear,
Through treeless wastes, they travel on.
From night to night, without a break,
Reluctant meets the tired eye
The brightness of a glaring sun,
That once again, by prophet's word,
Seems stayed in its revolving course.

The travelers' eyes court drowsy sleep,
When, lo ! the camel's hastened step
Has brought them to a resting place.
Already are kind hands engaged
In drawing water, fresh and sweet,
For thirsty man and tired beast.
He knows not yet the good of life,
Who never through the desert went
His lonely, weary, endless way !
Knows not the ecstasy of rest

That, from the camel's back released,
The weary wanderer enjoys,
As he reclines on dewy ground.

Soon burns the crackling, social flame,
And there the pilgrim's eye must join
The playful game of fiery tongues,
Must sparkle with their ruddy glow,
Must, darkening, to sleep return ;
Then with the playmates start again,
And follow all their frenzied freaks
Of merry glee and gladsome mirth.

Unbidden come, beloved guests,
Sweet visions, pleasant to the mind !
Of things gone-by and things to come,
And, ah ! of things ne'er more to be,
The airy phantoms come and go.
Two worlds move round the pilgrim-
knight :
The one of flesh and blood and breath,
To him is only emptiness ;

The other, clothed in webs of thought,
Is real, past all price, to him.
It moves his heart, his pulses fly ;
It fills his eyes that open stare
And see, as 'twere, by second-sight ;
The very heights of heaven he mounts,
And in that sacred trysting-place
Of fondly longing, faithful souls,
He finds the love himself doth bring.
By mystic power of gift divine
Returned, it gains in strength and grows.
The tender thought, the solemn vow,
Of happy days in times of yore,—
Sweet rivulets of memory—
To rushing streams of love are swelled
That, breaking bonds of long restraint,
Pour forth in one strong surging flood :
This is the pilgrim's wedding-day.

BOOK V.

‘Though by the moon, ’tis but a month,
It seems an age, since we set out
To cross this ocean waterless.’

’Twas Ively spoke. Him Gar replied :
‘The news long looked for is most sweet.
They say this night we shall arrive
At Bagdad town.’

As sings for joy

The sailor come in sight of port,
So joyous were the travelers,
As they the river’s bank drew near
That once upon a time had laved
The Eden of the guiltless pair.

‘Here is my home,’ said Gar with pride,
‘Here shall I spend my days in peace,
For earth affordeth not its like.
Here is my home, here all I love.

And thou wilt stay a month or two,
Ere thou take ship for Bussorah?
Oh, say, thou'l't stay, my mother's guest.'

But Ively's zeal forbade consent;
His vow and promise to fulfill,
He must go on without delay.
'Mid such discourse of friendly tilt,
They reached at midnight's solemn hour
The city 'Of the Khalifs' called,
And thankfully, their journey o'er,
They laid them down to welcome rest.

But short and dreamful was Gar's
sleep.
The dawning light shone mildly in,
As through the door he stepped and
breathed,
In long deep draughts, the morning air.
As bridegroom, on his wedding-day,
For duty tardily performed,
The sluggish rising sun would chide,
Gar cast from 'neath his knitted brows

Impatient looks across the stream :
‘ Thou’rt slow, O Sun, to usher in
The day,’ he said, ‘ that brings me joy
Dost grudge me then my happiness,
The tender motherly embrace,
The kiss from gentle sister lips—’
He stops. For tremulous there comes
From near and distant minaret
The mour’s long-drawn solemn cry
That summons man to think of God.
And, as obedient to that call,
Gar bent him low upon the ground,
Out of his turban’s twisted fold
There fell a tiny silken purse.
A shudder running through his frame,
‘ Disastrous omen ! ’ muttered he.
‘ A dark foreboding stirs my soul,
Of ill a strange presentiment.’

Replacing in its hiding-place
The pouch, ‘ Ah, worthless dross,’ he
said ;

‘ Five years away from home and kin
Was greedy price to pay for you !
Foul usury of beggared heart :
Five years of misery, the price
I paid for these poor glittering gems ! ’

His morbid fancies to dispel,
He pictured in his mind his home
As he had left it, years ago.
His features brightened with his thought:
‘ To maidenhood the baby grown,
Our Lola will scarce know her brother ;
By every promise, fair she’ll be
As the gazelle that steps to drink
At bubbling crystal woodland spring.
Ah, me ! Too long I’ve stayed away !
But mother, she will be the same
Forgiving, loving mother heart ;
She’ll recognize her only son ! ’

Thus murmuring to himself, he went
His friend to rouse : ‘ The night is spent.
Proud Bagdad calls thee to admire

Her royal beauty. Let us pay,
Her Majesty to satisfy,
The queenly tribute due to her !'

They walked the narrow street along.
Now pointing out some stately mosque,
And then some palace-bordered square,
Much pleased with his surprise and
praise,
Gar took the knight to arched bazaar.
No crowd was there. At early hour
The sellers many, few as yet
The buyers were. Among the heaps
Of household goods and implements,
Of mats and silks and cloths and gems,
The merchants sat and shouted loud
The praises of their varied wares.
No victor's triumph ever graced
A sight so rare and beautiful !
For not of angry, blood-stained sword
It spoke, but eloquently told,
In thousand pleasing shapes and shades,

Of rattling shuttle, busy loom,
Of blazing forge, the anvil's sound,
Of cultured fields, their crops and trees:
Of busy hands, and happy homes,
It told a most enchanting tale.

To please, he said, his womenfolk,
Gar bought some trifles, and again
The pair went on, content to be
Glad witnesses of Bagdad's pride.
But, hush ! with one accord their steps
Are stayed. For, clearly to their ears
There come sweet alternating notes,
First, plaintively entreating words,
And then, rejoinder, earnest, calm,—
A slave-girl's simple song of love :

(She) Gentle taps !
Well-known raps !
"Tis my sweetheart at the gate !

Shall I go ?
Yes or no ?
Is it thee, at hour so late ?

(*He*) Sweetest love,
Turtle dove,
Hast thou balm for bleeding
heart ?

Oh, once more
Ope the door
To thy lover ere he part.

Lift thy face !
One embrace !
Duty bids me leave my own.

(*She*) Ah, my woe !
Must thou go ?
Wilt thou leave me thus alone ?

In far lands
Stranger's hands
Fondling will thy brow caress.

Drear is life,
Sad its strife,
Now is fled my happiness.

(He) Fiery surge
Gold must purge.
So must passion's fire burn

Hearts that throb,
Beat and sob,
Till a peaceful love they learn.

In vain the Kurd tries to conceal
The deep emotion shaking him.
The knight's: 'What is it moves thee
thus?'

He answers by 'Good God, it is—
It is my sister.' Ively looks.
The girl is risen to her feet.
Illumined by the sun's first ray,
A rosebud kissed by nascent light,
She shines in all the tenderness
Of her incipient womanhood:
A sylph-like figure, clad in robe
Of innocence, transcendent fair,
She stands a moment motionless,

And then, as by the morning breeze
A rosebud 's waved upon its stem,
Her head on slender neck she turns,
And meets her brother's anxious gaze.
She knew 'twas he. By every line
And trait of his fair face, so much
Like hers, she knew, beyond a doubt,
That it was he, her brother Gar.
A deepening glow, a flitting blush,
O'erspreads her bosom, neck and cheek ;
But for a moment rests her eye
On him, and then, with quick restraint,
Her taper finger on her lips,
A tremor in her voice, she sings,
In deeper notes her lay resuming :

(He) Words of passion
—Common fashion—
Shall not our last meeting mar.

Far or near,
Ever dear.
Thou wilt be my guiding star.

Gar quickly tore his friend away.
Heed not the girl' he said. ' Beware,
A look betray us.' But ere they left,
His sister knew she would be freed.
A feather in his mouth, she'd seen
Which playfully he had entwined
With thread of gold drawn from the
cloth

He had this morning bought for her.
Rejoiced she made reply to him ;
For one hand on her bosom laid,
The other on the arrow's point
That through her raven locks was
thrust,
Make haste !' the answer said and
read.

To Ively wondering, Gar explained :
She is my sister—is a slave.
Scarce can I yet believe it all.
In vain I try to understand.
O heaven ! that I should find her thus !
Some profligate by curséd scheme

May have enticed her--Ah, ‘make
haste,’

She said. Dear Lola, haste indeed
To break thy chains I’ll make, e’en
though

I sell my body for thy price !’

‘ My purse—’ Lord Ively had begun ;
But Gar : ‘ That were our friendship’s
right

Abused,’ quick interrupted him.

‘ No, no ! I think I’m rich enough.’

Abruptly leaving Ively, fast,
As anxious feet would carry him,
His steps he to the quarter bent
Where mask of misery must hide
The wealth fell tyranny might crave ;
There sold he to a Jew the gemis
He had that very morning cursed ;
And ere was called the noontide hour
Fair Lola, locked in Gar’s strong arms,
Paid him in tears her ransom-price :

‘As comes the after-rain, thou com’st,
With fervent wishing much desired !
Hadst thou not come this day to save,
Thy Lola thou hadst seen no more !
Rascalla spoke the truth for once,
In telling thee that I was sold
To Fakih Haroun, this the night
I should be to his harem brought.
I saw myself the bargain closed,
And then I vowed, hardship and shame
I would endure—dishonor, never !’

So much to ask, so much to tell,
The ear gave to the tongue no rest,
Nor tongue to ear. The knight, discreet,
Would have withdrawn ; but Gar : ‘Sir
Knight,
A house divided ’gainst itself,
Thou knowest, cannot stand. Stay then.’
Right willingly consented he ;
For sweet as sunny April day

Fair Lola's presence breathed on him
The charm and freshness of her soul.

His eyes dilated, head erect,
Sat Gar at Lola's feet, and gazed
In those dear soulful eyes of hers,—
Fair mirrors of a world of love.
Had he forgotten her, when once
He said, the world held naught for him
To lose or love? Who knows? Who
knows?
Or had the precious pearl of good
Slipped from his weak and shaking hand,
Dropped in the vinegar of life,
So fast dissolved, 'twas lost to him?
Alas! a tyrant rules the day;
It makes of heroes cringing slaves
And lashes them through thorns, to cut
Their fretful way to fairer fields.

Gar.—‘Where may I our dear mother
find?

Thrice have I asked thee, thrice in vain.'

Lola.—‘Our mother is not here. She is—’

Gar.—‘Oh, where is she? At Darishman?’

Lola.—‘At Darishman; yea, even there.’

Gar.—‘She’s ill. I know it by thy looks. Oh, tell me.’

Lola:—‘She is well, quite well.’

Gar.—‘Tears in thy eyes? Ah, she is dead!’

BOOK VI.

As spread the sinking sun his glow
Far up the cloudless, liquid sky,
He sent through gilded lattice-work
His warmest tints of rosy hues,
And kissed the maiden's blushing cheeks,
Fair Lola's, lingering still with her,
As one from whom he would not part.

By sympathy received and given,
Each closer to the other drawn,
The three again had met, and sat,
Of mutual kindly love assured,
United in the heavenly bond
That binds with chains, as iron strong,
As roses sweet, as heaven eternal,
According souls, and makes them one.

Her brother's brow, caressing stroked
The loving sister, as she said :
‘ Rememberest thou at Darishman
Two brothers, Fakih Ahmed one,
The other, Khidder ? ’

Gar.— ‘ Bebbeh's sons ?

I well remember them. At school
While Kaho Hassan's earnest speech
To us a herd of heedless boys,
The Koran's mysteries explained,
'Twas Ahmed, Bebbeh's son, the proud,
Befriended me, e'er took my part
When stronger boys their freaks would
play

Upon the weaker Gar. He left,
A malcontent, our tribe, the time
Our village had been sacked and burnt
By Bulbassis ? ’

Lola.— ‘ That is the man.

And as his fortunes are in part
Our own, of them shall be my tale ;

And surely a more wondrous one
No story-teller ever told.
At Bagdad had we lived a year,
As known to thee, in peaceful ease;
When on a raw and rainy day—
I see it all before my eyes
As if it were to-day—we heard
A knock and learned that Ahmed was
Without and claimed admittance. Glad
To see the long lost friend, we run,
Receive him, as our hearts inclined,
With joy unfeigned. ‘A cheerful glimpse
Of Darishman, our dear loved home,
I look in your dear faithful eyes,
And love you better for its sake,
And Darishman for yours,’ he says.
‘Com’st thou from there?’ we ask, ‘oh
 tell
Thy servants how it goes with them.
Long have we hungered for some news,
But since that luckless day, our ears
Their fast to break have vainly longed.’

‘I share your fast. To foreign lands
My star has led me ever since
I left the village. West I went,
The armies joined I gainst the Franks,
And Allah—may his name be praised!—
To mighty deeds my sword has steeled
And given me all that I could wish.’
Then urged we him his wars to tell.
And was there ever hero found
That would the welcome task decline?
Cheered by the thought of his success,
He finds new zest in ventures old,
Finds present joy in sorrows past.
His dangers, feats of arms performed,
His victories won, his honors gained,
Anew before his kindling mind
In glowing vision grateful rise.
Thus spoke our guest, and as he told
Of Frankish foes come ’cross the seas,
Of cities by their hosts besieged;
Of pestilence and ravages
By fearful fires and famine wrought,

We sighed, and thanked Almighty God
That we were spared the woes of war.
Alas! that knowledge of it all
Should come to us who knew in part!
Of this anon; first, then, I'll tell
How Ahmed, fired with warlike theme,
Made this discourse: 'For five days past
To single combat had the Franks
A knight of theirs sent out, and he
For five days past, had kept the field
Against the flower of our brave men,
Had overthrown and slain them all.
At such disgrace rebelled my blood,
I made it known, 'twas my resolve,
The foe to fight, fierce though he be,
Obedient to Providence
To fall or conquer, win or die!
Our worthy chieftain, having heard
Of my intent, straight sent for me.
"What country art thou from?" he asked.
"Wilt thou, a novice in the field,
The dreaded Frankish warrior fight?"

“Such, if thou wilt, is my desire ;
For none but God’s decree avails,
And better hope there’s none than this.”
The answer pleased him ; for a horse
And arms he sent me to my tent
And wished me fullest of success.
I ran my course, o’erthrew the Frank,
And then—what think you, happened
then ?

Upon alighting—what surprise !—
I found my fallen enemy
An English maiden, young and fair.
And, lifting up her azure eyes
Beseechingly : “Oh spare my life !
As true as Keighan is my name,
I’ll gladly,” said she, “henceforth be
The wife of him who conquered me.”
And there, as in that face so fair
I looked, my heart with love was touched
I raised her up, made her my wife.
Of feasts prepared to honor me,
Of royal favors, not a few,

I modestly make no ado.
But, for the sake of truth, I'a say,
There never was such shouting heard
As shook the air, when I returned.
The mightiest bowed low to me,
And humbly smiled upon your guest
The lordly Sheik, the proudest prince.
“Thy valor, Ahmed,” said our chief,
“Needs not my praise to set it off:
The Moslem honor thou hast saved!
That I bestow on one so brave
Whate’er my power and land affords,
I ask thee, name thine own reward.”
The village of fair Darishman
I claimed, and had it given me
With all its lands and rights thereto
In perpetuity. “Hadst thou
Demanded Kurdistan, my son,
Thou should’st have had it,” said the
prince;
“But as thy modesty forebore
To ask for thy desert, I now

Create thee Bey of sovereign power."

"I was meet, we to our Bey should make
Obeisance ; but he raised us up,
And mild, as was his wont, he said :
‘ Our parents were true friends of old ;
Such friends, I trust, are we to-day.
Ah, more of you stand I in need,
Than you of me, this very hour.
For far from happy is my spouse,
A stranger in a foreign land
Whose tongue grates harshly on her ear,
Whose customs battle with her own,
The barb'rous ways of sea-girt isles.
From loneliness, for want of friends,
For fancies such as Franks may have,
She's sick for home. She sighs and
moans,

And will, I fear me, break her heart,
If cure I find not for her ill.

In such distress I you implore
To speak to her such soothing words
Of kindly cheer and sympathy

As woman may to woman speak.
A kind physician be to her,
I pray, if any love you bear me.'

' And you consented, did you not ? '
With anxious look Gar questioned her.

Lola.—‘ What heart were fashioned to
resist
Such tender pleas as pressed his suit !
‘ There’s no one,’ added he, ‘ that might
Like you, be to my foreign spouse
At once a parent, sister, friend.’
A day our mother asked to make
Reflection, at its close, consent
She gave, and we set forth. Sad day,
It was ; for evil came of it.
But should I call it evil ? No !
That is not evil God ordains !
His name be praised ! Four happy years
We made our stay in Ahmed’s home.
Like angels in the seventh heaven

Where thought of sorrow is unknown,
We led a peaceful, joyous life.'

Remembering the days gone by,
Fair Lola lost herself in thoughts ;
There was a long and painful pause.
Gar tried to speak ; his tongue refused,
And silence gloomy filled the air.
To break it and their thoughts divert,
Lord Ively asked : ' And what became
Of Ahmed's bride ? Was she content ? '
Her vision quickened, Lola spied
The secret of her brother's heart,
And grieved to have unwittingly
Aroused the demon of remorse,
She dried her eyes and said :
' Yea, so it seemed to us and all ;
His bride elect to cheer and please,
Unbounded was her master's zeal ;
To flatter every fleeting whim,
He'd stop at naught. To gain a smile,
A gracious nod, a ' Thanks, how kind,'

He'd make each frivolous desire
The stepping-stone to new-born wish.
He smiled with her and wept with her ;
Nay, when in icy rage, the storm
Its fleecy mantle spread o'er earth,
On mountain pass whose dangerous
brink,

In summer e'en, the herdsmen shun,
To hunt the bear, he'd ride with her
And laughing call it sport of sports.
His ardent love, by look and deed,
By thought and word, made manifest
At length her chillèd heart, it seemed,
Had thawing warmed to wifely love ;
And happier their union grew,
As in the two succeeding years,
She bore him lovely children twain.
But wisely has the sage pronounced :
The veil that hides a woman's face,
Is not so dense a shroud, as that
Which cunning wife hangs artfully
O'er secret wish she entertains.

One day, out on a lion-hunt
Had Ahmed gone, she stayed at home ;
In perfect rest of sultry sun.
The village lay, and not a soul
Was seen abroad, when—speed of fear—
On foaming horse, a rider flew
Through the deserted street. ‘ The foe ! ’
He hoarsely cried, ‘ To arms, to arms ! ’
Was’t fear did bind in fetters strong
The warlike men of Darishman,
Or that the bravest of his men
Had gone with Ahmed on the hunt ?
Was’t lack of one to lead them on.
And that our danger stretched the time ?
I cannot say ; but long it seemed,
As from the roof where we had fled,
The hostile swarm we saw approach—
Of ours, alas, saw we not one !
But mutt’ring in her native tongue
Some fearful words—of curse or prayer—
Down to the stable Keighan flew ;
Her horse she mounted, seized a lance

And fearless dashed against the host ;
Threw one, their chief, a second one,
A third and fourth ! A fifth, a sixth,
Reeled in the sand, ere we could think.
The others, seized with sudden fright,
Their horses sharply wheeling round,
They fled in hot and heedless haste.
Nay, hardly was there time to heave
A sigh of deep relief, ere all
Was past—a dream. And then began
The men to fill the market-place.
Loud praising Keighan's heroism,
They bound the vanquished men.
But Keighan : ‘Men of Darishman ,
She cried, ‘Tis true, my life I owe
To Fakih Ahmed ; but, at last,
That which I've long been wishing for,
His mercy to requite, has come
To pass : I've saved his house from shame.
I leave you now, leave you and him,
To never, nevermore, return.
Would you avoid the deadly hurt

Of Keighan's lance, I you command
You must not follow me. But give
To Ahmed this my last farewell:
Not living, in his arms, again
May he, a Moslem, Keighan hold,
Who is a Christian! If life be dear,
To follow me, he must forbear.
For much I'd grieve to harm the man
Who spared when in his hand, my life.
Thus speaking, to astonished eyes
She vanished on her rapid horse.

BOOK VII.

The sinking sun saw him return,
Who, flushed by the exciting chase,
Was all aglow with joy and mirth.
Ah! little knew his gloomy fate
Good Fakih Ahmed, spouseless spouse.
He heard the news; yet neither wept
Nor uttered moan nor angry word,
The noble hero, Fakih Ahmed.
Without dismounting, on he rode
Full speed, the path along, she'd taken.
Alone, as he desired, he went,
And left us, watching his return.
The dreadful night wore slowly on,
We waited, waited. Morn came on,
But yet no Fakih Ahmed came.
In trembling fear, still keeping watch,
All eyes are turned to yonder gorge

Where we had seen him disappear,
When, down the roadway, suddenly,
A deafening shout, discordant yells,
From hundred husky throats we hear.
And, terror-struck, we look and see—
The foe returned, a numerous host,
He is upon us! Worse than he,
In unrelenting clutches holds
Pale terror—spectre dread—our men.
For shelter to the houses fled,
There, by the weeping wives urged on,
Through the protecting walls they pour
Their arrows' volley forth like rain.
From housetops send they shaft and lance
On fearful errand. All in vain !
For thund'ring, crashing, crushing, beat
Against the doors their battering rams
With ev'ry blow, with ev'ry crash
Of broken beams and shattered gates,
Goes forth the enemy's fierce yell,
Rise up to heaven the shrieks and cries
Of men and women doomed to die.

Brave Khidder, hearing them, one look
On us he casts—a flaming glance
That even now my soul does scorch,
And for our people's blemished fame
Still mantles in my cheeks the blood.
‘Ho ! Open ye the gate, you men !
Now, follow me ! Behind us, quick,
Ye women, close the gate !’ And : ‘On !’
He cries, as fearless, sword in hand,
He dashes in the thickest throng.
Against his little band they rush
And press on it in fierce assault.
O'er all the tumult, clear and loud,
‘To me,’ he shouts, ‘come one and all !
Ye men of Darishman; come ye !
Ye would not in your houses die ?
Come out to me, to fight and win !’
Alas ! but few can hear, and few
The brave that hear and follow him.
Surrounded by ten times their count,
They soon are overwhelmed and fly.
But Khidder, bravest of the brave,

Mine eyes yet see, amidst the host
His sabre wield and cut his way
Through bristling lances. Right and left
Both man and beast, as grass, he mows.
Ah, there ! he's down !—Is up again !
Blood on his breast—he staggers, falls !
What else did happen after that,
I know it not. When I awoke
From senseless stupor, it was night ;
Around were faces new to me,
Their prisoner I, and soon to be—
What, thanks to thee, I am no more—
A slave.'

Gar.—'And mother, saw'st thou her ?

Lola.—'Yea, once my captor's hearts
were moved

To pity by a mother's moans ;
I saw our mother once, but once,
To see her never more on earth.
A tender blessing on her lips,
A prayer to God for her dear son—

Her gentle spirit sped away
While still my arms enfolded her.
Oh, grieve thou not, my brother dear ;
'Twas Love Divine did call her home.'

Then, rising, ‘Thou hast suffered
much,’
Said Gar, his sister’s hand in his ;
‘Though no complaint thy lips escaped,
It rends thy brother’s heart to think
That one so young, that one so good,
Life’s drearest agony should know.
But Khidder, tell me, is he dead ? ’

What was it passed through Lola’s soul ?
As looks despairingly and stares
The widowed wife on dreaded sea
That swallowed up her dearest hope,
The man she loved,—thus Lola’s eyes
So deep, so sad, now on the past
Looked back ; pale grew her rosy cheeks,
'My brother,' would she say ; but strong,

And stronger than her trembling will,
To utter word, deep pangs of pain
Forbade, and shook her heaving form.
From quivering lips, as ashes white,
A stifled sigh was all she breathed,
And in that sigh was Khidder's name.

Accuser of his guilt, that sigh,
Gar felt it to his inmost heart,
As plaintively, his eyes in tears,
'A worthless brother have I been,'
He said, 'a selfish, worthless son.
Oh, to have left you thus alone !
Much I desire thy story all
Some time to learn. But not to-day.
I could not bear its burden now.
But tell me what became of her,
The heartless mother, faithless wife,
And wanton cause of endless grief ?'

Lola.—'Some say—if the report be
true,

I cannot tell; but, like it is,—
That Ahmed on that luckless day
O'ertook her in the valley called
Khidhéran, pleadingly implored,
Entreated her by God and heaven,
Adjured her for the children's sake
She bore him, to return with him.
Ah, vain endeavor, wasted breath!
'Tis said that, restless, through the land
He's wandering, still in search of her
So all unworthy of his love.'

Gar.—‘ He will return, rest thou assured.

But Keighan, hast thou heard of her ? ’

Lola.—‘ Not e'en a word. But, be it fact

Or fancy, passing through the street,
Among the thronging crowd, I met
A pair of eyes, the like of which
Is seldom found in Eastern climes.
As cold as cloudless winter skies,
They are as beautiful as they :

Such eyes were hers. A distant charm
Their azure depth upon us smiles,
That now would seem us to invite
And then forbid too near approach.'

Gar.—'At Bagdad was't thou sawest
her ?'

Lola.—'Yea, near the Basrah gate.'

Gar.— 'And when ?'

Lola.—'Three days ago.'

Now to the knight
Gar turned his spirit-flashing eyes :
'What thinkest thou of this ?' he asked.
'Which of the two wouldest rather have,
The Moslem's true and tender love
For her, his heart had chosen, or
The Christian's proud fidelity
To faith that serves her faithlessness ?
Which of the two thy succor claims,
The Ahmed who forgives and loves,
Or Keighan, neither wronged, nor hurt,
Who husband, children, home, forsakes ?'

‘ ‘Tis not for me to judge, the knight,
 ‘ ‘Tis not for me to lose or bind ;
 But, pray thee, do not blame her faith
 For fickle Keighan’s heartlessness,
 Nor measure English trust by hers :
 E’en noble trees bear gnarlèd fruit.
 But Gar, could we the woman find ? ’

A bright’ning glow spread o’er Gar’s
 face :
 ‘ We can, if she still be in Bagdad ? ’

Ively.—‘ If so, and we could gain her
 ear,
 For noble Ahmed’s sake and yours,
 (Do thy intent I guess aright ?)
 I’d try divert her from her course.’

Gar.—‘ Thou guessest right. A coun-
 tryman,
 Thy counsel might prevail with her.

Ively.—‘ But tell us, Lola, what thou
 know’st

Of the unhappy orphaned pair,
The children, thou mad'st mention of ?

Lola.—‘Both safe and sound at Darish-man !

Too young, to be of any price,
They both were, after short advice,
Left by the Ghouls,—at fall of night
Found by their nurse, when, quiet all,
She crept from out her hiding-place.

Ively.—‘Then, let us haste ! Set thou
to work
To find the woman,’ Ively said.

Gar.—‘Ere fall of night has sent to
sleep
Another day, shall it be done.’

‘God speed !’ the knight said anxiously.
Some power within him, strong as
strange,
Seemed to be urging Ively on.

‘It is a task of peace’, he thought,
‘That well becomes my pilgrim garb.’

* * * *

By Lola’s story kept awake,
The pilgrim heard in hush of night
The lovely maiden’s tuneful plaint:

“When fall the solemn shades of night
From care the busy toiler rests.
When fades in dusk the rosy light,
He sits belovèd friends amidst
And ev’ry heart is light and bright.

In dreamy shadows, I alone
The dreary past cannot forget,
Must in the peaceful vigils moan,
With lonely tear and sight lament
The grief that mine is, mine alone.

The die is cast, and lost my lot;
On earth I have nor joy nor hope.
Of palsied life the fett’ring knot—

As captive breaks his hateful chain—
O, heart, my heart, why break'st it not ?

Why keep the pansy after bloom ?
No joy it yields to cheer the eye.
When love has met its deadly doom
The world is waste, the heart is dead,
Its only resting place the tomb.

In rocking motion, all unrest,
Like seawaves beating on the shore,
O heart, my heart, in troubled breast,
What means this throbbing pulse of
 pain ?
Is there for thee nor peace, nor rest ?

As day calls unto day, my heart,
Thus sorrow unto sorrow calls !
Oh, heed the call ! e'en as thou art,
Thou'rt ne'er so poor, but alms mayst
 spend,
And solace to thy like impart !

And as thy tender pulses beat
In pity for another's woe,
As wash thy hands his weary feet ;
As heals thy care his wounds and sores,
As loving eyes thine own then meet,

O heart, my heart, forgot thy pain,
Full sure thou'l know there is a realm,
Where love sways its eternal reign ;
Where faithful souls in rapture meet
And never, never part again."

BOOK VIII.

His boyhood's friend to serve and save
Was now Gar's all absorbing thought,
And soon his zeal was recompensed :
Close by the Basrah gate was found
The faithless Keighan, waiting ship,
To take her to some Western port.
Gar hastily returned ; the knight
Exultingly before her door
He led, there left, with wishes kind,
His noble friend.

‘ I fear me much,
A hopeless task I've undertaken,’
The knight, now ushered in her room,
Within him mused. A gleaming ray
Of em’rald sunshine through the door—
And suddenly there passed the light
And him between a darkening shade.

A rustling heard, the knight turned round.

‘Ah! cousin Ively! strangely met!’

He trembled hearing that clear voice
Whose music, years ago, had charmed
The youth in reveries of love.

Ively.—‘And is it thee, Adèle, I see?’

Extending to her both his hands,
‘Adèle,’ he cried, ‘my cousin, dear!
What strange fantastic freak of fate
Now brings together thee and me
Who swore to never meet again!’

Adèle.—‘Dost think ’tis fate that
brings thee here?’

‘Tis Providence, I say, that guides
With loving, ord’ring hand, our steps.
Nay, Ively, truly may I say,
Since I cast off my baby-shoes,

No greater joy has fallen to me,
Than fills my breast this blessed hour.
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
It is a kingdom's worth to me.'

Ively.—‘ Dear cousin, thanks, a thousand thanks,
For the goodwill thou bearest me !
Till now, Adèle, I have revered,
Obeyed, thy angry wish, thy face
No more to see.’

Fast flowed her tears,
And broken was her voice by sobs,
As she, with burst of passion wild,
Poured out her words : ‘ Oh, since
Adèle,
The girl, by childish frenzy wrought,
Bade thee a last adieu, Adèle,
The woman, has in bitter tears
Of grief her wantonness atoned.
Canst thou forgive ? I know thou wilt.
O cousin Ively—’

Ively.— ‘ Stop, oh, stop !
Not by my choice, Adèle, I’m here.
In search of Ahmed’s wife I came,
And little thought I, Keighan meeting,
Would meet my cousin, thee, Adèle.
Incredulous ? And pray thee, why ?
For had my wish inclined that way,
Not here in Bagdad had I hoped
To find the belle of Lancaster.
But met, or Keighan, or Adèle,
Or noble Fakih Ahmed’s wife,
My hearty greetings generous take
And hear my message.’

Adele :— ‘ To the name
That brought me naught but grievous
ill
I owe, then this encounter ? Yea !
Thou know’st perchance, that twice my
star
In nuptial skies has been obscured ?
Lord Keighan’s dead, and of the dead —

We should not speak, excepting well.
And Fakih Ahmed—he is dead.
Yes dead—at least to me his wife ;
Him, cousin, too, 'tis meet I'd spare.'

Ively.—‘ Whatever faults may be thy
 lord’s,
His greatest is to love too well.
My cousin, hearken unto me.
Above the shallow codes of man,
Abiding sacred laws there are
That, broken, soon or late will wreak
A fearful vengeance on the deed.’

Adele.—‘ Enough! Enough! I’ll hear
 no more!
Hast come to teach me? Out with
 thee,
I say, and thy philosophy !
Have I these four long years not died
A hundred deaths of agony ?
And shall I hear thee calmly say,

I needs must live a hundred times
The self-same death-in-life again ?
Shall I then make my youthful life
A never-ending round of pain
Without an end of wit or reason ?'

Ively.—‘ My cousin—’

Adele.— ‘ Cousin me no more !
Hast e'er of Christian woman heard
Who, being not a slave, or fool,
Content could be to live, a wife,
With Muselman ? Then, tell me, pray,
That I may learn to do as she.—
It cannot be !—He loveth me ?
Ah, so he loveth anything
That gives him pleasure, courts his
pride.’

Ively.—‘ Thou art unjust ; and were
he here,
Far better than my sluggish speech,

Might his devotion plead for him.
Adèle, I too, a father am.
I am indeed no stranger to
The love of home and wife and child,
Nor to the pain of separation,
The longing of the widowed heart
That yearns for love, life's better part.
As such, fain would I draw thee on
To counsel, cousin, with thy heart:
The tiny rosy hands canst thou
Forget, that stretched them out to
greet,
The cherry lips that pouched to kiss
The mother dear? Do in thy dreams
Not even now the childish eyes
To thine send out an infant soul
To aid the tongue that prattles love?
Thy better self deny thou not!
For thou, a mother and a wife—
I know thy noble self too well—
Canst not estrange thy mind so far
From nature, with her laws to strive—

The laws of God. Adèle, Adèle,
By all the love I bore to thee,
That first undying love, in which
My heart beats toward thee even now,
I beg of thee, return, return
To Darishman ! Thy children's right
From craven foe take back. Secure
Their birthright, save their home ! Thou
canst,
If so thou wilt. Do't speedily !
For surely as thy husband's name
Is honored by the Khalif's grace,
Of men and arms, as thou may'st need,
The Bulbassis to fight and crush,
He'll gladly make thee liberal grant.
Victorious once more, shalt thou
To spouse and children make the gift
Of Darishman's reconquered power.'

Adèle.—‘ O God ! is Darishman the
foe's ?
And where was Ahmed ? where his
men ? ’

Ively.—‘His men were there ; but,
Ahmed gone
In search of thee, his wedded wife,
More dear to him than life or power ! ’

Adèle.—‘O, agony ! My children, oh !
Poor innocents ! And I the cause
Of all their woes ! Thank God, they’re
young
And know not of their mother’s wrong !
Thank God, I yet feel strength in me
And hope, to set their birth aright !
Yea, I will do it. Come weal, come
woe,
My life I give, a mother’s pledge :
My children shall not be the slaves
Of servile slaves. I’ll fight their fight,
And till we set this matter right,
Thou wilt, O cousin, stand by me
And lend me thy supporting arm ? ’

Lord Ively smiled, the lady blushed.
‘My time is not my own,’ he said.

‘Yea, if it were, thy wish, command
Should be to me, nay, it would be,
God knows and thou, mine own desire.’

Reluctantly, as if afraid,
The sacred mem’ries to profane,
Commenced he then his tale to tell ;
And as he of the hermit spoke,
The miracle by which he read
Lord Ively’s thoughts, his shining face,
The vow of pilgrimage, its aim,
To meet and see the living God—
His soul was thrilled with holy joy.
And now he turned on her a look
Of mute appeal, her eyes grew larger,
Took hue so true from heaven, he knew
Her heart, and not her ear alone.
Were filled, and had received his words.

‘Ah, Ively,’ said she with a sigh,
‘Thou ’rt made of finer clay than I.
While, blinded by the mists of earth,

To eyes of flesh it is denied;
To spirit-eyes the heaven opes,
Shows them its glory undefiled.
Though dimly, yet has dawned at times
Celestial truth upon my eyes
And touched them with its holy rays
Of sweet and sure reality.
But vainly, all alone, I strove
To fasten on the vision high
The trusting sense of childlike faith.
A thousand wishes, old and new,
Bore down my soul that soared to
heaven.
For whether I do praise or pray,
The praise I give, the prayer I make,
Is for a heaven of worldliness :
My prayer for treasures not of heaven
Avails me not,—I fail and fall,
My struggling spirit sinks in doubt.
As cast on barren desert isle,
Sore tired of herbs, for better food
The famished, shipwrecked sailor craves,

Thus craves my soul the spirit food
That can alone sustain its life.'

Ively.—‘Such food, thank God, close
to thy hand
Is placed, Adèle. Go to thy God
And let His bounty give it thee.
Thy neighbor seek in love sincere
The spirit food to give and share.
Divine communion waits on thee:
Redeeming, thou shalt be redeemed.

Adèle.—‘The call I hear and will
obey.
As cousin thou a vow hast made
The face of God, the Lord, to seek,
So do I now, before the throne
Of Him who omnipresent is,
My whole existence bring and vow:
The struggling will I give my aid,
The fallen, will I help to rise,
And blend with the discordant notes

Of sin and sorrow, tones of love,
That they may chime harmoniously
In His creation's melody.'

Lord Ively locked her hand in his,
While passionless, as might a child,
Deep in his honest eyes she looked.
And now Adèle the silence broke :
Her speech had in it sound of bells,
The sweet soft bells of festive eve,
The ring of carols jubilant
And holy psalms sung in God's praise :
' Ah me, I knew not how to live,
Alas, I knew not how to pray.
Now I have learned to live and pray,
From God and man no more estrai
My soul no longer shall repine ;
I know my heaven is near at hand.

BOOK IX.

Reclining under archèd gate,
His friend expecting, waited Gar.
At last the knight stepped through the
door.

There was a moment of suspense,
A moment only, for the knight :
‘ My dearest Gar, beyond all hope
My mission has been prosperous !
Before the moon has changed her face,
Events in stricken Darishman,
She vows, shall their complexion
change.

In lonely chamber Lola sitting,
Her hopes in silent prayèr nursed ;
But hearing steps in outer hall,
Uprose she from her matted seat,

In fewest words was told the news.
A simple child of Kurdish hills,
She was too glad to think of forms :
While to her dance the snowy hands
Beat clapping time, her fairy feet,
As light as air, spun round the room ;
Her heart leaped to her tuneful tongue
And taught it melody and song.

Lord Ively, serious now in turn :
‘ True love and duty are as twins
That have one common sentiment
Of weal and woe in life and death.
Though two in body, one in soul,
They live, increased, a blended life
Of sympathetic happiness.
And such, I trust, her sphere refound,
Will henceforth be my cousin’s share.’
‘ Your cousin’s ? ’ asked at once the
two.

Ively.— ‘ E ’en so. Like you, I was
surprised

To find her ladyship to be
My dearest cousin—'

Lola.— 'Knew'st thou not
Who Keighan was?'

Ively.— 'Not till we met.
It is her former husband's name ;
She married while I was away.
Her husband, in their bridal year,
Before Jerusalem was killed,
And though she never loved him much,
Brave captain of her husband's men,
She stayed his spirit to avenge.'

Lola.—'A meeting truly marvelous .

Ively.—'Yea, *Lola*, marvelous indeed ;
But not without some good to all.
I've known my cousin from a child ;
Her freaks and follies, to my hurt,
I've known, and suffered much, like
you.
But 'waiting mercy, just I'd be :
Her heart such genuine excellence

Of virtue harbors, wise the man
Who knows to prize and win it all !
And now disaster's scorching days .
Have loosed the fett'ring bonds of ice,
And stirred affection's frozen streams
To irrigate the hopeful fields,
To Ahmed and his new-won wife
The summertime of love is come,
And bears on balmy airs to them
The fragrant hopes of harvest-joys.'

Gar.—‘Our “Amen” to thy prophecy !’

Lola.—‘And heartily we thank the day

That brought us such a friend as thee.’

In simple words, so simply said,
There was a candor and a grace
That went to Ively’s inmost heart.
The moistened eyes that gazed in his,
The quivering hands that clasped his own,

Sure tokens were they to his mind,
That these were ties time would not
break.

* * * * *

The injured chieftain's cause to speed,
The morrow brought its busy cares
And left its legacy of work
To many of its younger kin ;
But Gar's expedience and craft
Soon smoothed each anxious furrowed
brow,

And raised slow hopes to certainties.
A thousand men and horse, equipped
For mountain warfare, willing lent,
Exhausted not the Khalif's zeal,
Who, eager gratitude to prove,
Five thousand ducats gladly adds,
And promise of his future help.

Anxiety now set at rest,
Was Ahmed heard from : Soon he
might,
'Twas said, to Darishman return,

Of Lola's capture, her release,
Her mother's death, and Gar's lament,
Urged by Adèle, had Ively told her.
'O cousin,' cried she, 'God is just,'
For our offences, soon or late,
A full atonement we must make.
When fled our passions are, is this
Of misery the thorny crown,
To know beyond all hope of help
The grief we caused to those we love.'
She hid her face and, like a child,
That, longing for its mother, sobs,
And nothing will avail to still,
She sobbed and wept the salty tears
Of bitterly repentant woe.
'Oh, would that I had died ere now
Or, dying, could the past annul!
It were but poor amends to make!
But done the deed, the doom is cast,
Of no avail the better ken.'

Ively.—'My dear Adèle, be comforted

A new, a truer, nobler life,
A precious gift of grace, awaits
Thy willing spirit. Live, Adèle,
That higher life to which thy soul
Has pledged itself. The ransom paid,—
The tearful past, with griefs thine own,
And griefs of others made thine own,—
From thraldom of enslaving yoke
Has bought thee priceless liberty.
The price no more bewail that bought
The precious pearl; but thee prepare
To wear the gem full worthily.'

Adèle.—‘The past, a dread abyss, ap-
pals
My soul.’

Ively.—‘It is the dizziness
Of height attained. But, cousin, hark.
Friend Gar has come to wait on thee.’

Through folding silk a head appeared,
Twas Gar’s. And peeping over it,

Beamed bright with smiles of gentleness
His sister's blushing countenance.

Her seeing, Keighan's color came
And went. Loud beat her heart and
fast.

By one strong impulse borne, she rushed
To Lola's breast. Cheek pressed to
cheek,

Around her neck she threw her arms
And made abundant tears her speech.
The men withdrew. Much moved, was
Gar

The first to speak: 'My noble friend,
Though few the months since we did
meet,

Thou hast bestowed on us a gift
Of priceless value.'

Ively.— 'I? pray, what?'

Gar.—The noblest wealth man may
on man

Bestow, or man from man receive,—

Unstinted gift of one's own self.
Alas, that we so soon must part ! '

Ively.—‘ My gentle Gar, but short the time,
When in the flesh again I'll be
With you, as in the spirit e'er
I'll be ; and then, all signs predict,
Shall Darishman, now the abode
Of greedy vultures, be delight
Of merry hearts, and ring with shouts
Of peaceful games and festive sports.
The business thou toldst me of,
Ere we set out from fair Damascus,
Will not, I trust, keep thee away ?

Gar.—‘ Ah, that is finished. ’

Ively.— ‘ Finished, Gar ? ’

Gar.—‘ I promised thee to let thee
know it,
Sit down and listen. Thou must know,

But keep it from thy Christian friends,
Convulsed the land by feuds and wars,
All bounds of loyalty are loosed.
There is, spread far and wide, a sect—
Assassins, are they fitly called,—
Who, leagued with certain of our foes,
The secret trade of blood pursue,
And, to their chief obedient, spare
Nor friend, nor kin, nor wife nor child.
E'en Saladin, whose precious life
Should safe have been amidst his people,
E'en he, has twice their target been,—
Is even yet from friends as much
In danger, as from Christian sword.
Him to protect, as best I could,
Was office I myself had sought,—
A trust but few dare undertake,
For it requireth courage, skill,
The subtle art of self-control,
And crafty practice of deceits
Which friends may praise, but foes must
hate.

And now, prepare thy trustful soul
For a surprise. It was not chance
Brought me to thee the morn we met.
On shorter road than thou hast taken,
A messenger was sent to me
With this command : to wait for thee,
Accompany thee to safety,
Or else apprise thee of thy risks,
For thus desired thy hermit-friend,
A man the Sultan loveth much—
Ah! calm thy fears ! The mountain
saint,
Be thou assured, is no one's foe
And least of all, his rescuer's.
But Saladin so honors him,
His reverence amounts to awe,
And granted is whate'er he asks.
I met thee on the mountain-side ;
But found my warning no avail.
I leave it then for thee to judge
What perils thou hadst run had I
Allowed thee to depart alone.

A Moslem Christian,' Ively thought,
And strangely felt he drawn to him
Whose unsuspected kindness
Accused him of his own mistrust,
' Then was my company,' he said,
' A dang'rous one for thee—'

Gar.— ' Perhaps
It was. I liked thy honest face :
Through shoals and rocks of unknown
seas
The pilgrim's ship to pilot safe—
It were as worthy task, I thought,
As faring to the prophet's tomb—
And better had I never done.'

Lord Ively now quite pensive grown,
' Unselfish friend,' at last he said,
' To thee I owe my life—aye, more
Than life itself: new trust in man.
How much I was in debt to thee
I had no hint of it till now.'

Gar.—The more thy friendship has
proved true.

But here come two will say with me,
Good done to one, is done to all.'

* * * * *

As nearer drew the parting hour
The knight felt stealing o'er his heart
The bitterness of parting pain ;
And seeing Gar's and Keighan's grief,
Sweet Lola touched her ready lute :

" All around me solemn silence,
Softly couched on verdant mat,
Where the flowerets shone their bright-
est,
On the sloping hill I sat.

And I wondered : ' Earth's fair children,
Have you speech your thought to tell ?'
Rising heard I myriad voices
Loud in sweet accordance swell :

' God is great. ' Tis He who made us
Shine in beauty manifold,

Fragrance, too, He breathed upon us,
Lilies, purple, white and gold.'

'God is good' the Daisies answered,
‘Scatters us with loving hand,
Sets us o'er the world a-blooming,
North and South in ev'ry land.'

'God is good', sang all the meadow,
Queenly rose and humble blade.
‘And he gives us all perfection,
Every kind its form and shape.'

Winter came, the snowflakes glim-
mered,
Soft and white they slowly fell,
And I asked them : ‘Distant wand'fers,
Have you voice your tale to tell ? ’

And on winds, in tree-tops sounding,
Came their answer, clear and loud:
‘God is good! Far have we travelled,
Floating high on silvery cloud.

Many thousand sisters saw we,
Drifting wide from us apart.
They, like us, are all resplendent,
Fashioned perfect by His art.'

* * *

Why dost dread the coming morrow,
Man of wav'ring doubting mood ?
Near or distant, now and ever.
God is great and God is good."

BOOK X.

Ively.—'Tis now a month since on the road,

A prey to India's scorching sun.
Thou foundest me but half alive.
Small hope thou hadst, my Naga, then,
That I should live to thank thy pains,
Poor thanks they be, though, that I give—

Mere idle words of gratitude—
For days of care and sleepless nights.'

Naga.—'Nay, friend,' replied the old man kind,

And well became the garb he wore,
Of healer, his benign reply:
'Success, I deem, is ample recompense.
And then, if words were idle, pray,

What call'st thou real ? Gift of gold ?
Un'companied by grateful thought,
It said not near so much as words
Might say to me. For words are
thoughts.

Though to decay all else may fall.
True thought still lives a charmèd life ;
Nay, all we have and truly hold,
Beyond the risks of favor, health,
Of flood and fire, is wealth of thought.
Nor store me it, to rest unused ;
For it is like a grain of corn :
When fallen into fertile soil,
It grows and brings return,
A hundred and a thousand-fold.
Through circling aeons liveth on,
Increaseth ever, truth—the word
Thou spokest of—wisdom divine,
The life of God, to man come down.'

Thus spoke the sage, and gladly
would

The pilgrim knight the theme pursue,
Make answer and pour out his heart
That overflowed with thankfulness ;
But strangers came, and mutual friends,
Who now their joined attention claimed.

For here, when done their daily work,
Assemble weary men to rest,
And this the hour, sweet ev'ning hour,
When weary lab'lers leave their toil,
Enjoy the fanning of the winds
And all delights of eventide.
To see and hear, to speak and learn,
From hut, and house, and mansion come
The toilers to th' accustomed place.
The well is there, and palms above,
And seats of stone, that are by use,
As by the chisel's edge, worn smooth.
Upon them those have sat who lived
When valiant Krishna walked the earth,
A hundred hundred years ago.
Now, as of yore, to these same seats

Come bearded men and smooth-chinned
youths ;

Round this same well they sit and list
To legends of the hoary past.

And now wise Naga's voice is heard :
' To Brahman Haran, Choudor's son,
From all Shapóur a hearty welcome !
As many peoples, lands, and kings,
He, from Chanóuje returned, has seen,
If so it please him, glad we hear
The news he brings from royal courts.
Though ours a quiet life at plough,
Not knowing use or feats of arms,
Nor conquest bought with human blood ;
Yet ev'ry age affords us proof,
The peasant's weal and woe is cast
By courtiers in their princely halls.'

To Haran ev'ry eye was turned,
Who, self-possessed, with modest air,
Began : ' O Naga, in the depth
And inwardness of things thou look'st.

Ah, while we speak who meet this eve,
Our very lives in balance hang,
And any morn the flood of war,
Now on the frontier surging, may,
—Who knows the future?—swell and
reach
Our fields that hitherto no wounds
Have pierced save those the ploughshare
made.'

Naga.—‘Why Haran, what dost
mean? Speak out!’

Haran.—‘Chund Ray, the ruler of
Chanouje,

In baneful passion has made war
On Delhi’s prince and called on Ghor,
The Afghan king, to aid his cause.
To save myself, and you to warn,
I hurried home. For hark you, men,
A swarming host, the foreign foes,
Are pouring over all our land:
Unmerciful, they sack and burn

Each town and village on their way.
I fear me, soon the savage horde
Will be on us.'

A moaning roar
Such as is heard in woods of oak,
At tempest's rise, now filled the air,
And rose in one long wailing tone,—
A voice of sorrow and despair.
His fears, his anguish and his dread
Each neighbor to his neighbor spoke
And sought of him who lacked it, hope.
But white-haired Naga lifted up
His ringing voice, and at its sound,
So oft in wisdom's council heard,
The wordy tumult ceased to rage ;
‘Friends, grave the news now come to us.
It is, alas ! but true enough,
Before the Afghan host we are
Defenceless—’

‘Vishnu, pity us !
Thou gracious one ! Remember us,
O Krishna, great and mighty God,

In our affliction ! ' rose their cry.
But Naga, silence bidding, spake :
' In times of danger and of need
To borrow counsel is not shame.
Much clearer to the calmer mind
Appear the shades and lights of life,
And wisdom wears a crown of ice.
Safe may we trust to our good friend,
Whose head is cool, whose heart is warm.
Lord Ively, thou art trained in wars,
Advise us thou in our distress.'

BOOK XI.

Lord Ively felt sore ill at heart,
But, slowly rising to his feet,
In low and measured words he said :
‘ My worthy and beloved friends,
It grieves me past my power to tell—
E’en were I in my native tongue
To speak to you, I could not say
How grieved I am at your distress.
As you have asked for my advice,
I give it you, as friend to friend :
If it prove true, what heaven forbid !
That Afghan hordes invade your land,
Then gather up your household goods
And with your wives and children flee
In time before the coming wrath.
I know the Afghan ! Proud and bold,
He shows no mercy to his foes ;

And foes are all who do not share
His blinded faith in Mahomet.
But danger is not yet so near
That you may not this balmy night
In safety sleep. With minds refreshed
Return at morn to further counsel.'

His speech of kindly sympathy
Fell reassuring on their ears,
And found an echo in their hearts.
‘The stranger from the West is right,’
Said Naga, grave and dignified.
‘His words are wise. Sleep lull our cares
To rest and give our souls new strength
To face and brave our dreaded fate.
At sunrise let us meet again.’

All gave assent, and soon the fountain
Was wrapped in tranquil solitude.

His mind too busy yet for sleep,
Lord Ively slowly climbed the hill ;
And came again before his eyes

The scene late witnessed at the well.
What would they do, poor helpless ones,
Should the invader on them fall ?
And rambling thus, lost in his thoughts,
Lord Ively, to a clearing come,
On to a rocky platform stepped
That overhung a precipice.
Below, in silv'ry starlight, lay
The village with its whitened walls,
Its gardens fair with shrubs and trees ;
Beyond, the willow-shaded brook ;
With hamlets studded, large and small,
In undulating lines—the plain.

Lo, there ! Lord Ively rubbed his eyes :
On the horizon's edge—far out—
Uncertain, dim, a light is seen.
Is it the rising moon ? It spreads.
Or is it—? How his heart beats fast !
Red clouds of thickly rolling smoke,
And sprays of golden glowing sparks,
And now a lurid glare mount high

Up to the sky ! He trembling looks :
Oh, frightful sign at such a time !
Not for himself his fears are stirred,
But for his poor, defenceless hosts !
His way retracing, down the hill
He flies to rouse them from their sleep.
But stopping, what is this he hears ?
Through silent midnight air there comes
The sound of wheels ! excited cries !
Confusèd noise mixed with the plaint :
Of weeping children, woman's wail !
No longer room for doubt, they are
The fugitives. His flying feet
The village reach. There, all astir
With wild excitement, shouting men
The growling beasts prepare in haste
For speedy flight. The foe behind !
To fall in his dread hands is death !
And worse a thousand times than death !
For reasoning is this the time ?
And ' Whither may we safely go ?'
Is answered by the cry ' Away !

Away from them ! Away ! away !'
The knight makes straight for Naga's
house,
Where calm, as in his brightest hour,
The worthy sage, his hand extending :
' Misfortunes wait for no one's hour
Nor ease,' he says. ' Go with us, friend,
We need thy help. My roof no more
Protection can afford my guest—
Not now at least. But yet, not long
I hope, shall we in exile mourn. '

Ively.—'Thou speakest, Naga, what my
heart
Rejoices much to hear. Good days
I shared with thee ; now sorrows come,
Shall I be wanting by thy side ?'

In answer Naga pressed his hand
And to his men : ' Take care,' he said,
To lead your teams across the fields.
Though rough it be, a better way

And swifter run, you find, beside,
Than in the much impeded road.'

As Ively heard the words, he thought,
How in the self-same terms he'd heard
The sage contrast the sacred life
Of contemplation with the life
Spent in the turmoil of the world.

While yet they speak, all are at work,
And by the torches' flick'ring light
The oxen to the carts are harnessed.
Some needed household-goods and food,
And last of all—a precious burden!—
Their wives and babes, they load in
haste

Upon the shaky vehicles.

With tearful eyes still turned on home,
Out in the hollow night they start.
Not many miles have they been gone,
When road and trees a glare illumines:
From hundred hearts by anguish rent,
One cry of terror and of pain—

They see their homes all wrapt in flames.
No need to scourge the frightened beasts,
They, frenzied, fly along the road ;
And is it blocked, o'er fields they go,
Arrested oft by broken wheel,
Upsetting oft in thorn and ditch.
Them, Naga, wisely circumspect,
His men to succor had enjoined.
And him, a master much beloved,
Obeyed the faithful servants gladly,
Though knowing well that each delay
Might bring on them the Afghan sword.

How longed for is the dawn of day
To them that watch through anxious
night!

Beside the road good Naga viewed
The line in long procession winding
Along the river-bordered hill,
And on his kindly face there shone
The sun of grace and peace sublime :
His friends (the village all are they !)
He numbers, finds them one and all !

A halt is made. The stragglers come,
And, round their leader gathering,
They hear him say : ‘There is a ford
Not far from here, leads to a road
That, long disused, and overgrown
With reedy grass, escapes the eye
Of passers-by. Away it lies,
Removed from travel and the way
Our foes pursue. Once there, we may
More quietly stop to forge our plans
At reason’s furnace.’

All agreed.

The ford was passed, the road was found
And every breast more freely breathed ;
While many were the fervent vows
Their thankful hearts devoutly made
To the protecting deity.
Till sundown travelled they, until,
From rising ground—a joyful sight !—
They saw, deep cradled in the vale,
What had their leader fitly called,
A city of the mystic past.

None but the eyes of heaven beheld
The entry of the homeless throng
That now the ancient streets once more
Made ring with sound of human voices.
Or were their spirits hov'ring round
The fallen columns, white and weird ;
The shades of those who, long ago,
A fate more sad than theirs endured ?

BOOK XII.

In the deserted city led,
'Midst false alarms and many fears,
The fugitives for sev'ral months
A restless life. All, save the knight,
And saintly souls, like him a few.
His pilgrimage was stayed. But he
Went toiling on in search of heaven.
Obedient to the hermit's words,
He lived among and for the men
Whom in Judea's verdant plains
The teacher had 'our neighbors' styled.
His counsel and his hand he gave
The stricken people in their griefs,
And he became as one of them.
Abundant recompense, their love,
Rewarded him, and that small voice
That makes of mis'ry, happiness :

The voice of love with love content.
The time he reckoned not ill spent
That to the hearts of worthy men
And pious women brought him near.
The armies past, and safe the roads,
He would, he thought, resume his way.
A distant glimpse of snow-capped peaks
He'd passing caught: ‘There, on these
heights,
In azure skies raised towering up,
Must be the longed-for wonderland,
Where earth to glorious heaven ascends
And man with God stands face to face.’
But little knew he, Providence,
Her workings to unfold to him,
Had chosen this deserted town
His pilgrimage in it to crown.

‘Twas there, as days wore slowly on,
Beneath some shady tamarind,
The friends would often meet to speak
Of that which—hopes of earth removed—

Was nearest now to ev'ry soul,
Of faith, eternal life, and God.

By Naga taught meek tolerance,
The Buddhist Toulla was with them,
And Haran, Brahman of the sect
Sanká had founded, whom they style
The father of all Hinduism.
Wise Naga, the kind patriarch,
And Ively, full of zeal, were there.
To listen, rather than to speak.
Some fugitives would join the group,
While others, of more serious turn,
To profit, sought their company.
Of varied creeds and castes, they were
All equals now. For trifling cares,
Restraints of caste and prejudice,
Like chaff, were scattered by the winds
Of common fate. All equals now,
Since life was all a man possessed,
And, even that, he held at risk
Of dangers hanging o'er them all.

All felt the force of mystic tie
That binds accordant souls. But Naga,
As they, one day, had met again,
Their fleeting thought in staying words
Recasting, said : “ How true it is,
Dear friends, not all is ill in life
That causes us distress and pain.
We live, and hoping still to live
Full many years, not e'en a thought
Comes home to us how short our lives,
And to what purpose they should tend.
Let me confess, how glad I am
To hear you speak the things of heaven.
My strength is spent, and meet it is
That I prepare me for the way
We all must go. Ah, say you nay ?
Too well I know my days on earth
Are few ; all now that holds me here,
It is the fondly cherished hope
To see you to Shapóur returned.”

‘ Thy hope,’ Lord Ively, joining them,

Here cheerily threw in, ‘is like
To be fulfilled. A traveller,
Met on the highway by our scouts,
Reports the Afghan moving North?’

Naga.—‘Good news, indeed! If it be
true,
Our people may their homes rebuild
Against the winter. As for me,
My home will be prepared above,
Where neither winters come, nor wars,
To cloud the skies of home and peace.’

The sage’s sombre prophecy
Cut to the heart his loyal friends,
And mourning cast o’er all her shade;
But Ively’s eyes were full of tears.
Their sorrow seeing, sweet, serene,
As on a dizzy mountain path
Comes from some guiding friend good
cheer,
From Naga came the words of faith:

‘ What mourn you, friends, my life or death ?

What is this world, and what this life ?

As of a tree, it is a bough,

On which a bird a night does rest

And in the morning flies away.

When night is fading, dawns the morn ;

Oh, grudge me not, the day of peace

That glorious breaks upon my eyes.’

His words by joyous shouts were drowned,

And crowding on them, came the men,

The women with their babes in arms,

And children shouting loud for joy,

‘ Return we home. The foe is gone !

All danger past ! Let us depart !’

Confirming what the scouts had learned,

Returning fugitives came in,

Told of the glad deliverance ;

And Naga, having heard their tale :

‘ The day is on the wane,’ he said,

‘ But get you ready by the morn
To leave this refuge for our homes.’

Was there a face, or young or old,
Did not with pleasure beam that night ?
As in the crown of hemlock tree
On which a flock of birds alight,
Resound—a medley of sweet song—
Their chirps, and twitt’rings, high and
low

And short and long, and shrill and soft,
Thus was the town now full of cries,
Of bubbling laughter, blithesome talk,
Exhorting shouts, commanding calls,
All mingling into one sweet song,
And of that song the theme was
‘ Home.’

While silent ’neath the tamarind
The little band sat, thoughtfully.
They fain would have dispelled the awe
And dread that Naga’s solemn words
Had left on them ; but, well they knew,

Not reckless words could be the speech
That came from sainted lips as his.
But cheerful, Naga : ‘Friends,’ he said,
‘Though oft, and long in harmony
Of aims and unity of hearts
We have communed on heavenly
themes,

So soon we are to separate,
Were it not well, ere we depart,
To once more share our pious thought,
The bread of life, in love together ?
There lies in hearts conformed to God,
As does in nature’s store, a wealth,
No human life exhausts or sifts.’

In confirmation of the word
There rose and spoke a few whose heart
Was rooted firm in loyal faith
And rich in pearls of precious thought
The Brahman, too, in fervent words
Poured forth his spirit’s eloquence :
‘ Yea, verily, not man alone

To us of God's revealing speaks.
God's word is broadcast over earth,
His being, merged in ev'rything.
Encircling span the worlds, his seas
Replenish all the stream of life :
In endless measure in his palm
Holds God the fountains of all life.
 Himself revealing when he wills,
 He sheds upon his prophet's brows
 The subtle ether of his light.
 And, great or small, the share we gain,
 Is word revealed,—is truth of God.
 Survey it broadly, all in all,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
 The holy seer's prophetic word
 Impression bears of one great seal,
 The stamp of one eternal truth,
 In some distinct, in others blurred,
 The trace is there, the legend : 'Love.'
 And willing eyes decypher it.'

'But how,' asked Ively, 'comes it then,

The fruits which one religion bears
Surpass in excellence and worth
By far those of another creed?
And by its fruit—thou dost concede—
The tree shall good or bad be judged.'

BOOK XIII.

But Naga, nodding aye and nay
As if to say ‘Thy facts hold good,
But not the argument implied,’
Now glancing at his Buddhist friend,
He said : ‘ Wilt thou for Haran speak ? ’
Then Toulla rose and made reply :
‘ Hast thou forgot what Naga said,
“ It is this grand diversity
Of inner and of outward life
Attests the Lord’s infinitude ” ?
Wide is the world we see and touch.
Before the searching eye recede,
Unfathomable in extent,
The borders of the visible.
But greater is the spirit’s span,
For it contains the grosser mould
In which it casts part of itself.

Much hast thou in thy travels seen
Of God's creation, but wilt say,
Thou know'st it all ? Nay, say'st thou
not :

By all my wand'rings far and wide,
I have been taught my ignorance ?
And countries hast thou doubtless seen,
That differ much from this, our land.
But sayest thou, this is God's land,
The others are but shadows fair ?
You smile ? and well you may. Indeed,

It were denying God the Lord.
But were the fault a tittle less,
If you His spirit-world surveyed
And haughty said : ' I hold it all,
Yea, all beside is idle dream ? '

Man is but weak and slowly spells
The word of God by letters out—
But who has read the book entire ?
Let us, then, heed the masters well,
The seers and prophets, they who read

And what they read to us reveal.
As in the world of sense, so here,
In all diversity of forms,
Some common elements we find,
Eternal, universal truths.
And ev'ry page that is begun,
Confirms the page perused before,
Is of the story partly known,
The sequence, told by other tongues.
This, then, the test must be of truth,
That nearer to his God it brings
The soul of man. And on that path
Divine the prophet places him
Who to his guidance yields himself.
The truth he hears and makes his own,
If faithfully he travels on,
Brings him in harmony with God.
We know it all: 'The perfect life'
Ye Christians term such life. 'Twice
born,'
The Brahman names its devotees.
Our teacher Buddha Sankya Muni

This state of bliss 'Nirvana' calls.
The tongue may change the trav'ling
word,
And creeds are made, re-made by man.
But him can neither help nor hurt
Who, lost in God, has found His life.'

As striking steel against the flint,
The peasant bluish sparks sees fly,
But dark remains his lint, unlit,
Thus Ively, hearing all they said,
Still knew not where his heart to rest.
And doubting still, he felt on him
The eyes of Naga. Deep and warm,
There was the presence of a soul
That, chastened, all its energies
On love had bent. Pure as the dew
That thirsty flowerets drink at morn,
That presence now came over him.
As shine across reflecting waves,
The welcome lights of cherished home,
To cheer belated wanderer's way,

So shone on Ively's inmost soul
The splendor of the spirit-realm
Reflected by the sage's face.
Then memory recalled to mind
The hermit's features. Here, as there,
The same sweet peace and joy sublime,
Triumphant over earthly hold,
As in a martyr's upturned eye,
A power unshakable, serene :
The spirit, freed from dungeon drear,
Beholding the eternal day.
All doubt took wing, all fears were
gone,
As thrilled his heart the sage's word :
‘Our Christian friend has touched a
chord
Whose sound among us is not strange.
We, too, we have of neighbors heard,
Who even now are seen on tracks
Which, swift of foot, our ancestors
In onward race have left behind.
But shall we bound the God of grace

And say “thus far, and farther not?”
Benighted people though there be,
Are they not children, too, of Him
Whose power creative maketh all
That bear the noble name of man?
Are they not by His wisdom called,
As were our fathers, long ago,
Through faithful work and strong en-
deavor
To rise from dust to spirit-realms?
Creation’s day is but begun;
And in the ages past we read
The law of Time, the will of God:
All life is growth, and growth is life,
And life divine is life eternal.
The empires come, the empires go.
The outward life cannot avail,
Of men the mightiest must fall,
Their glory fade. But, vitally,
The spirit’s conquests still prevail;
For spirit is of God the Good,
For spirit is of God—eternal.

All that the short-lived day may laud,
That may the morrow proud disown ;
But all of truth the race divined,
And spirit-power in single heart,
By myriad souls secured, possessed,
Remains, endures for evermore.
Loud singing through eternity,
Is heard above the voice of Earth
The anthem of the heavenly choir :
“ A common law is over us,
One common bond unites us all,
It is the will of God, the Lord,
His love divine, unfathomable :
All for one, and one for all,
In the to-day we live for aye.
Like verdant Hesperidian tree,
That blossom bears and fruit at once—
E'er into fuller life to grow,
From age to age, to higher joys,
To greater strength, to nobler ends,
This is man's destiny sublime,
The life eternal, God-ordained.”

And, conscious of God's grace and care,
Shall we, then, still the angry sword
In fell contention raise to strike,
And stab with pointed thriftless word
The soul of them that seek for light ?
Or shall we joy in good we find
We hold in common ; bring to pass
By active lives of love and truth
Our vision of the fuller light ?
O ye, that hear ! of better days
I see the dawn, when humble, man
Shall truer be to God, and say :
“ Who knoweth Thee, the Infinite ? ”
And who is there that may proclaim,
“ Behold, I have revealed Him all ” ?
True meekness prompts to search for
truth ,
Of better days I see the dawn,
When, o'er the wide, fair face of earth
The gifts of spirit and of life
Become the property of all ;
When, freed from narrowness of sight,

The godlike soul of man will seek—
Each in the measure of his light—
By ev'ry thought and word and deed
To enter in communing love
And live with God in spirit one.'

While spake with kindling eye the sage,
The knight his thoughtful look cast
round :

How beautiful the picture gleamed—
In glowing tints of fading day
The massive pillars, noble shafts !
An ancient temple's last display,
E'en in its utter ruin grand,
It spoke to him in tender tones
Of men that once had been as he,
A living part of human kind,
Had wept and laughed, had smiled
and sighed,
Had feared and hoped, as he; had made
Their vows and prayers, as he, to One
Whose arm was mighty over them.

Though all His glory, knew they not,
And called Him by another name,
Did they not worship Him who is
And was, and evermore shall be?
Did they not know that God in part,
And who can say, he knows Him all ?
Did they not in aspiring awe
His presence seek, to ask His aid,
And who will say, He heard them not ?

What was it stirred the knight to
speech,
As risen to his feet, he said :
•Yea, Naga, this of faiths the true :
Through hoary ages grandly flows,
The surging flood of truth divine,
An ever broad'ning, deep'ning stream.
And though its outward forms are
changed,
As bordering banks its waters tinge,
And rocks its rushing course obstruct,
Its onward sweep remains unchanged.

To ever nearer come to God,
With Him to do His work divine—'
The speaker started, blanched and
stopped,
Then motioned ; at a glance they
knew
Fulfilled was Naga's prophecy.
As child, that gently falls asleep,
A smile serene upon his face,
His soul had sped to life and light.

* * * * *

In rosy tints of rising sun
The columns, pillars, walls and roofs
Resplendent shone ; above the sobs
And sighs of grief there slowly rose
And solemnly, the chant that had
Of old been sung around the pyre.
From shore to shore, from earth to sky,
Its strains reëchoed, linking souls
Of earth to souls in the beyond :

“On the ancient path now start,
To the place thy soul depart
Whither all the fathers went.
Led there by the Lord of Death
Meet thou with the Ancient Ones !

Throwing off all fault and sin,
Go, a lasting home to win,
Whither went the Ancient Ones :
Clothed in a shining form,
In a nobler body rise !

Meet thou, of the host be one,
Those whose meditations won
Over Self the victory ;
Who, by seeking the Unseen,
Faithfully to heaven attain.

Join the host of those who brave,
Precious lives for others gave,
Those that on the suff’ring poor,
Tender heart and open hand,
Cheerfully their goods bestowed.

Swiftly flying through the air,
Thee shall gentle spirits bear,
Sprinkle thee with purest dew
Upward flying, cooling winds
Playing around thee, fan thy brow

* * * * *

Lovingly then bear him on,
Where the Ancient Ones have gone
Nothing wasted, nothing won,
To the world of righteousness
Carry him, the soul unborn.

Let his spirit now depart;
And his soul, his godlike part,
Let thy brightness, gracious Lord,
Quicken it, that it may shine
In the world of holiness.

There in bliss his wife he joins;
There the children of his loins
And beloved friends he meets.
There no crookedness of form,
There infirmities are none.

Boundless spreads around, the vale !
Gloomy regions, dim and pale,
Lie before him, he must cross.
Washed his feet, that sin has stained,
Cleansed, he enters into heaven.

Through the gloom and through the
night
Heavenward is his glorious flight.
Endless worlds unfold to him,
Wond'ring at the glories seen
Mounts to bliss his radiant soul."

As floated on the morning air
The last low notes, and died away,
The pilgrim still communed with God.
Wise Naga's speech fresh in his mind,
He prayed out of his deepest heart :
‘ Great God, whose face no mortal eye
Is worthy to behold, bent low
Before the footstool of Thy throne,
My soul craves Thy forgiving grace.
Forgive, and of Thy tender love,

In mercy grant the penitent
A sign of Thy all saving power,
Of heaven and earth the sweetest gift,
Thy presence felt in humble heart,

No fire came down from opened skies,
No roaring wind, no rushing sound,
Made answer to his fervent prayer ;
But in his inmost being heard,
A living voice proclaimed : ‘ My child.’
A voice that needed not the help
Of tongue or lip for utterance,
Now spoke to him, all words above,
A thought of tenderness divine :
‘ My child ! ’ And in that word there was
To him a bliss ineffable ;
It was a covenant for aye,
To which his soul, responding, vowed
To be, and rest, and move in Him
Who is eternal in the heavens.

Confusèd noise near by was heard,
And waking from his reverie

He learned the cause. A man had come,
Fresh from the seat of war, Chanóuje ;
And ominous the news he told :
‘ Avenging spirit’s dreadful work,
The shattered throne of Delhi’s king
Has buried in its crushing wreck
The throne and crown of Chund, his
foe.’

‘ How may that be ? Who rules
Chanóuje
And who at Delhi rules ? ’

‘ The Afghan !
Soon after Chund, King of Chanóuje,
The deadly net of war had thrown
O’er Delhi’s prince, he called on Ghor,
The Afghan king, to aid his cause.
Brave Prithowrá in battle killed,
And Delhi conquered—fate of wars,
The storm Chund Ray had conjured up,
He could not stay. The Afghans turned
Against their ally, overthrew,

A countless horde, their enemy.
King Chund in flight his life to save,
The holy stream essayed to ford ;
But never forded he the stream.
Accepted sacrifice, it kept
And bore to Yama's realm his soul ;
While Ghor, on wings of victory
His forces threw upon Chanóuje
And took the city by assault,
The pride of ages, pride of pride,
Chanóuje, the holy, queen of queens,
Was sacked and burned.'

Lord Ively knew
The hermit's word had been fulfilled,
And vocal through his soul it rang :
‘ When in the dust of memory
Proud monuments of hoary days,
And thrones, once strong as rocks, are
laid,
Nigh, then, thy life's sublimest hour,
The light of heaven will break on thee.’

BOOK XIV.

'Tis eventide ; the scene, a home
At Darishman rebuilt—Ahmed's.
The pilgrim-knight is there; beside,
Adèle and Ahmed, Gar and Lola.
And Khidder is with them—he
Whom they had wept for as one lost,
Whom they had mourned for as one
dead—
He is again among his dear ones.
Their hearts are full, fast flows their
speech.
As children, school-hour over, run,
A hungry swarm, and chattering,
To mother dear for vesper lunch,
Thus comes to Khidder now a rush
Of anxious Hows? and Whens? and
Whys?

Which he must haste to satisfy
With Thus, and Then, and Therefor
meet.

And through the questions, answers
made,
There flashed and glowed the light
divine,
The rays of kindness and love,
And shone on ev'ry happy face.
It was a sacred feast of love ;
And all that broke the bread together,
And poured the wine, most worthy were
In it to join.

‘To Teheran,
I had been sold,’ brave Khidder said,
‘This very day it is two months.
Beside the oxen, now my charge,
I walked, in dusty road, cast down,
Bewailing my sad fate and yours.
Behind me came, what seemed to be
A Hindu of the highest caste—

Who, hailing me, asked of his way.
I answered, but he tarried yet.
An Arab or a Kurd, he thought,
I must be, by my speech to judge.
And, for my country bound, he asked,
Would not his road lie through Mosóul ?
Rejoiced to meet a friendly soul
Through whom I might (if so it were,
That one of you had yet been spared)
Send home a message, I took heart
And told the traveller who I was—
The stranger,—by your looks I see
You've guessed aright, he's with us now,
With pains incredible had traced
My track from town to town. 'Tis he
Obtained my liberty. 'Tis he
Has brought about this joyful hour.'

As thirsty men, come to a well,
The bucket in its depth send down,
Feel it on trembling hands to fill,
Then bring it, dripping, to the light,

And eager drink the cooling draught,
So thirsty they, for Khidder's words,
And eager, drank their meaning in.
Thus filled their hearts a sacred joy,
As him they loved, new cause to love
They found.

Till rosy dawn of day
Were busy tongues and list'ning ears.
Brave Ahmed of his conquests spoke :
How he had made a safe return ;
From robber hands had Darishman
In bloodless strife regained, and won,
Besides, peace to insure, the lands
Of Pizhder, Mergeh and Mawútt.
Frightened by rumor of his strength,
When Fakih Ahmed marched on them,
The Bulbassis had sued for peace
Ere he had reached a frontier town ;
And with their help were soon subdued
The smaller tribes.

‘But now, my friends,
The sun stands high—to rest ! all ye

That will obey. To sweetest dreams
I send my guests.'

Thus spake Adèle
And all withdrew, save her and Ively.

'Thanks be to thee, beloved cousin,'
She brightly said, 'Adèle has found
The golden gate of paradise.'

Ively.—'And met the angel's flaming
sword?'

Adèle.—'Yea, met the sword and con-
quered it.'

She smiled her gentle answer back :
'As it in all directions turned,
A bar across the entrance stretched ;
In letters black, on shining hilt,
The legend "Weakness" could be seen,
And as I read it, I lost heart.
But looking up in the fair face
Of him that held it in his hand,
I saw the light of grace was there,

And, bolder grown, I said to him :
‘ Oh, let me pass, for duty calls
Thy sister in and love. To earth
The weapon sunk, the angel smiled
And I went in.—But, Ively, pray,
Hast thou in Eastern countries found
The hermit’s promise ? Oh, how oft
In quiet hours of thee I’ve thought
And of thy quest so perilous ! ’

Ively.—‘ Though perilous, God pros-
pered it.’

And, slowly pacing up and down
The garden walk he told her all.
‘ A woman true, hast thou, Adèle,
Found in the narrow sphere of home
What I, thy would-be-teacher sought,
And seeking found, ’neath distant skies.’

Adele.—‘ As to the stalwart son of Kish,
To us, ’twas given far more to find
Than either of us thought to ask.’

Ively.—‘And richer both, by mutual
gifts
Blest sharers of abundant wealth,
We’ve learned to find at home, abroad,
The kingdom of the living God.’

* * * *

Glad days were they that Ively spent
At Darishman. Too fast they fled.
Dame Happiness, her favorites
Satiety’s dull pain to spare,
E’er shortens, while she favors them,
The days to hours, the months to days.
And thus it happened, one fair morn,
—The first that Lola saw a wife—
Lord Ively, looking on the trees,
Beheld them dyed in gaudy tints
Of festive autumn, realized
His year of pilgrimage was o’er,
The hermit was awaiting him,
And when? Oh, when? should he again
The dear home-faces see?

His friends
To please, he hid his thought from them ;
But Ahmed, his distress divining,
‘ Dear guest,’ he said, ‘ forgive thy hosts
A stratagem they used, in hope
To keep thee longer in their midst.’

Lord Ively looked at him perplexed.

Ahmed.—‘ Thy heart, we knew, no
longer was
In what they call the holy war.
That war is ended.’

Ively.—‘ Say’st thou so ? ’

Ahmed.—‘ A week we have it from
thee kept.
No longer were it right to hide
From thee the tidings of glad peace ! ’
The news incredulously heard,
Adèle confirmed : ‘ Tis surely so !
The king has signed a three years’ peace.

Already has he, and his queen
From Ptolemais sailed for home ?

‘ It was a hopeless cause we fought,’
The knight said low, ‘ and glad am I
The sword is sheathed. More free, I
may

Return and lead a life of peace
On Scotland’s heather-covered moors,
Blest life, to serve my God and man ! ’

He could but see the grief he caused.
While strangely moved, he feeling said :
‘ There is no rest for homesick man,
Save in the cause of his unrest,
His own sweet home, be ‘t e’er so poor.
And much desire I, too, to see
The blessed hermit’s saintly face ;
I know he is awaiting me.
Once more to press his hand in mine,
And give him thanks, his rocky cave
I’ll seek before, at last, I sail

For Western shore and Scotland's hills.'

* * * * *

Again 'tis night, as it was then,
When Ively and the hermit climbed
The lonely hill, a year ago.
And as alone he climbs it now,
Uncertain in the weird white light,
The seats of stone before the cave
He faintly sees, and speeds his pace.
The scene, unchanged from that he left ;
But not a trace of him he finds,
Whom he had fondly hoped to meet.
In vain he calls, and breathless listens.
Naught breaks the solemn requiem
The night is singing to the day.
No human voice to anxious ears
Accords a greeting. ' Far and faint
Re-echoes through the glen his cry :
' Not here ? Not here ! '

Then to the cave his steps he bends,
The stone before, with trembling hands,
He rolls away, and, lo ! beholds,

Bright shining in the silvery light,
The hermit's lifeless form ! Like one
That borrows time from nightly rest,
His head has sunk upon the Book.

Lord Ively on the parchment glancing,
In letters bold and square, there reads :
'I pray that they be one with Thee
As we are one.' 'O love divine !
Thy prayer is heard !' he cries and
weeps.

In lofty branches, faintly stirred,
Was heard the gentle breath of even ;
Across the vaulted firmament
There brightly sped a brilliant star ;
A tremor running through his frame,
As he laid down his pilgrim staff,
The knight knelt down, his soul a
prayer.

THE END.

NOTES.

BOOK IV.—Some of the leading incidents in this and the following Books, referring to Fakih Ahmed and Keighan (Adèle), are found in “Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan,” by the late Claudius James Rich, Esqr., The Hon. East India Company’s Resident in Bagdad (James Duncan, London, 1834, vol. 1, p. 292, f.)

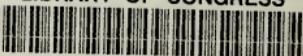
BOOK X.—The war between Delhi and Chanouje and the destruction of the two capitals took place 1186–1191.

BOOK XIII.—The hymn sung at Naga’s pyre is based on passages from the Atharva Veda.

BOOK XIV.—“I pray that they be one with Thee as we are one,” see John XVII, 20, f.



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